1: Jenness--90 (1913-16) 1922 Copper Eskimo
116, 431

"The family own all the food and skins that are acquired by any of its members, with this restriction, that all or some of the food must be shared with the neighbours. The amount that is kept by the family for itself depends on the quantity of food in camp at the time. If ten seals, for example, are caught in one day, and there are only six families in the camp, it is obviously unnecessary to send more than a tiny portion of the meat to each household. On the other hand, if only one seal is caught, the whole of the meat must be distributed, otherwise some of the people would go hungry. I accompanied Ikpakhuak on a sled trip to Penny bay in the spring of 1915, to bring back some caribou meat and fat which he had cached there the previous summer. On the return journey we stayed at a settlement of five Akulliakattak families. As soon as we arrived Ikpakhuak selected a little meat and fat from our load for each of the houses, enough for about one meal for one person in each house. That night we were one family's guests, and feasted on our deer-meat and on some seal-meat cooked by our hostess. Small pieces of cooked seal-meat were sent over to us later from each of the other houses."

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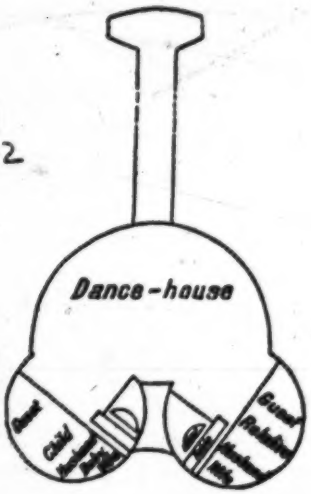
a better idea of its shape and internal arrangements than a lengthy description. Theoretically a snow-hut may be of any size, provided you have ladders, or timber to form a staging. The Eskimos have neither. To build a large dance-hall like that shown in the plan they stand on boxes, bales of clothing, and anything that may be available. So the height of their largest hut never exceeds eight feet, and the diameter is limited to correspond. Being a sociable people, however, two families often share a single dwelling, and two or three others arrange their huts so that they open onto the same passage.



Imagine us, then, sitting on the edge of the sleeping-platform eating our supper, myself at one end of the line, Mrs. Light at the other facing her table and lamp. The different members of the family are grouped between us, two boys, a grown-up nephew, and lastly Mrs. Light's husband, who naturally has a seat beside his wife. The youngest boy carries presents of fish to the inmates of the other huts, and two little girls who return with him, bringing similar offer-

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ings for us, stand shyly inside the doorway, kicking their feet together restlessly as though knocking off the snow. Every one is tired after the day's journey, and as soon as the meal is ended strips off his clothes, tucks them under his head for a pillow, and glides into a sleeping-bag of caribou fur. Mrs. Light is the last to retire, for she still has some small duties to perform. She calls in the dogs from the passageway, one by one, throws them a few strips of blubber, and drives them out with the snow-duster, a short stick for beating the snow from our garments. Then she adjusts the lamp for the night, turns our boots and mittens so that they will dry on both sides, fits the snow-block into the doorway to keep out the cold air and the dogs, and slips quickly into her husband's "double" bag of caribou fur. Most of the inmates sleep with their mouths open, and their loud snores reverberating inside the hut drown the less resonant notes of the dogs in the passage.

Leaving Putulik, I rejoined my late acquaintances on Victoria Island. The sun no longer climbed above the horizon, and the "day" was limited to the twilight hours from 9:30 A.M. to 2:30 P.M.; but a bright moon lit up the trail for me during the last three hours of the journey. The tribe was still living in the same settlement, for the women had not completed all the new fur clothes their families required during the winter months, and it would violate one of their most rigid taboos to finish the sewing on the sea-ice,

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One woman gave me a knife to present to a kinsman, another a pair of sealskin slippers; and so many sent messages that I kept a special memorandum of them all in my note-book.

One commission, and one alone, I declined to take upon my shoulders, although petitioned by an old, old man whose voice quavered so that it was hard to refuse him. He besought me to restore his widowed daughter, who lived somewhere to the eastward; to load her property upon my sled, share my tent with her, and bring her safely to his home. The task was beyond my capacity, but I referred it to our party at the station, and proposed that one of my colleagues should rescue the distressed lady. The choice fell on Johansen, whose beard was long and fatherly. But Johansen demurred, claiming that a younger knight, Cox or O'Neill, was more fitted for such an enterprise. They, too, drew back; one and all ungallantly refused their aid. When I met the woman later in Coronation Gulf, she proved to be the greasiest and worst-favoured native along the entire Arctic coast!

The Eskimos had no word for farewell in their language, but came and went without ceremony. We left them in the same way, hitching up our dog-team early in the morning and crossing the narrow strait to our station.